Worth a god's view: what priſoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?
Herald. We leave, they'r called
Areite and *Palamon*,
Theſ. Tis right, thoſe, thoſe
They are not dead?
Her. Nor in a ſtate of life, had they bin taken
3. Hearſes ready. When their laſt hurts were given, 'twas poſſible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.
Theſ. Then like men uſe 'em
The very lees of ſuch (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions
Convent in their behooſe, our richeſt balmes
Rather then niggard waſt, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning ſtate
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thouſand fold, we had rather have 'em
Priſoners to us, then death; Beare 'em ſpeedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and miniſter
What man to man may doe for our ſake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheaſtes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a miſtris Taske,
Deſire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath ſet a marke which nature could not reach too
Without ſome impoſition, ſicknes in will
Or wraſtling ſtrength in reaſon, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our beſt,
Their beſt skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where having bound things ſcatterd, we will poſt *Floriſh.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*
Muſicke.

Scæna 5. *Enter the Queenes with the Hearſes of their Knightes, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, ſighes, darken the day;

Our